

And this the noble Bodie : I am sotted,  
 Vtterly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me :  
 For if my brother but even now had ask'd me  
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,  
 Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,  
 Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,  
 Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sister,  
 I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*,  
 That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,  
 Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

*Enter Emil. and Gent.*

*Emil.* How now Sir ?

*Gent.* From the Noble Duke your Brother  
 Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

*Emil.* To end the quarrell ?

*Gent.* Yes.

*Emil.* Would I might end first :  
 What sinnes have I committed, chaſt *Diana*,  
 That my unspotted youth muſt now be ſoyld  
 With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie  
 Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,  
 Two greater, and two better never yet  
 Made mothers joy, muſt be the ſacrifice  
 To my unhappy Beautie ?

*Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.*

*Theſeus.* Bring 'em in quickly,  
 By any meanes, I long to ſee 'em.  
 Your two contending Lovers are return'd,  
 And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sister,  
 You muſt love one of them.

*Emil.* I had rather both,  
 So neither for my ſake ſhould fall untimely

*Enter Meſſengers. Curtain.*

*Theſ.* Who ſaw 'em ?

*Per.* I a while.

*Gent.* And I.

*Theſ.* From whence come you Sir ?

*Meſſ.* From the Knights.

*Theſ.* Pray ſpeake  
 You that have ſeene them, what they

*Meſſ.* I will Sir,  
 And truly what I thinke : Six braver  
 Then theſe they have brought, (if we  
 I never ſaw, nor read of : He that ſtan  
 In the fiſt place with *Arcite*, by his  
 Should be a ſtout man, by his face a  
 (His very lookes ſo ſay him) his com  
 Nearer a browne, than blacke ; ſterne  
 Which ſhewes him hardy, ſearcleſſe,  
 The circles of his eyes ſhow faire with  
 And as a heated Lyon, ſo he lookes ;  
 His haire hangs long behind him, bla  
 Like Ravens wings : his ſhoulders bre  
 Armd long and round, and on his Th  
 Hung by a curious Bauldricke ; wh  
 To ſcale his will with, better o' my co  
 Was never Souldiers friend.

*Theſ.* Thou ha'ſt well deſcribde him

*Per.* Yet a great deale ſhort  
 Me thinkes, of him that's fiſt with

*Theſ.* Pray ſpeake him friend.

*Per.* I gheſſe he is a Prince too,

And if it may be, greater ; for his ſho  
 Has all the ornament of honour in  
 Hee's ſomewhat bigger, then the K  
 But of a face far ſweeter ; His com  
 Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy : he has fo  
 Without doubt what he fights for, a  
 To make this cauſe his owne : In's f  
 All the faire hopes of what he under  
 And when he's angry, then a ſetled  
 (Not tainted with extreames) runs  
 And guides his arme to brave things  
 He ſhewes no ſuch ſoft temper, his  
 Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twin  
 Not to undoe with thunder ; In his

*Theſ.*